I Butterfield

Windham County Democrat.

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For the Democrat.

HE SMILES UPON THE RIGHT.

Oh, thou who dost life's journey run,
In country or in town;
Let truth thy inward motto be,
And honesty thy crown.
In busy mart or closet lone,
In travel or in trade,
Where man can see, where man cannot,
Let justice ne'er be stayed.
Let hope, thought, adoration join
With universal love,
And faith's unerring compass point
To endless joys above—
And all our powers be ranged beneath
To win the immortal prize;—
Then heaven shall not be far away,
But in our hearts arise.
Then He, who set those worlds on high
That deck the brow of night,
Will hold you in his own right hand
And smile upon the right.

F. A. G.

Adventure of a Quaker Vessel.

The principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence should on no account be employed is usually regarded as totally unfit to be acted upon in practical affairs. Yet it is a doctrine to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least, on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant vessel with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr. Hunt's *Indicator*, from Sewell's History of the Quakers:

The second night after, the captain of the Turks and one of his company being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate—whose name was Thomas Lurting—persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he, coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do I will be against thee; but this we will do, now they are under deck we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course for Majorca, and they had such a strong gale that in the morning they were near to it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above only one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to see his own country, he was not a little astonished, instead thereof, to see Majorca.—Then he ordered his men: "Be careful of the door, for when he goes in, we shall see what they will do, but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged that they might not be sold. This the mate promised them, and said they should not. And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change, and how they had mastered the Turks.—Which, when he understood, he told their captain, "That the vessel was now no more in their possession but in his again; and that they were going to Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him, also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards* coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went on shore, leaving the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having finished his business, returned on board, not taking license, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks; but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board, and, after some discourse, they told what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take them away. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks, to have brought to England with him. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he told Pattison and his mate "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight." But they told him, "That if they could get many thousands, they would not sell them, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them," the mate said, "he would not have done for the whole island." The other master then going ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and told them that they must help, or the Spaniards would take them. To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and thus the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for a few days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet generally, he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said "he had much more care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was, "they were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master "that he thought it best to go to the coast of Barbary, because they were then likely to miss their men-of-war." To this the master consented. However to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the daytime they were going to Algiers, but when the night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind "what if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard!" for they were in all ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks, but the mate bade them not, and said, "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did; for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward and laying hold of the captain, said he must go down, which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him.—Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was not yet resolved upon. The mate saw well enough that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry them on shore; but how to do it safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them ashore with two or three of the ship's men, was a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number; and to put one half on shore was no less dangerous, for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate told the master, "if he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put them ashore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master, "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well." The mate then called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to them until he said, "he could no more," for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives, so as they judged convenient. Now since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do anything which might exasperate them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of a necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern, then calling another he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the ship-men, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife.—These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat cast off and stood for the shore. When they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden: "Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore!" The Turks in the boat perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who, in this great strait, continued to be hearty, showed himself to be a man of courage, and bid his men to take up such arms as they had, but to do nothing till he gave them leave. And seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him; and his courage increasing he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man than to cleave his head, and turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down which he instantly did, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore that they co'd easily wade, the mate made the Turks jump out, and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them to a town, promising to treat them with wine and other good things, but the mate was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto; for tho' he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those who lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation. The Turks, seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep anything of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their leave. And when the boat was come on board again, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the time the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind.

Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York and several lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting.—The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and holding the entering rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master, "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them;" and to the mate he said, "You should have brought them to me." But the mate answered; "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."—*Chamber's Miscellany.*

*Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

NANKIN.—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the course of an article on the insurrection in China, gives this sketch of Nankin:—"This city, which contains more than half a million of inhabitants, has thrice the circumference of Paris; but amidst its deserted streets are found large spaces turned up by the plough, and the grass grown upon the quays, to which a tripple line of shipping was formerly moored. It is situated in an immense plain, furrowed by canals as numerous as those which traverse the human body. Its fertile district is a net-work of rivulets and navigable watercourses, fringed with willows and bamboos. In the province of Nankin grows the yellowish cotton from which is made the cloth exported thence in enormous quantities; there also is reaped the greater part of all the rice consumed in the empire. The Kiang-Nan, or province of Nankin, is the richest gem in the diadem of the Son of Heaven. Nothing in old Europe can give an idea of its fruitfulness—neither the plains of Beauce, nor those of Lombardy, nor even Flanders. Twice a year its fields are covered with crops, and they yield fruit and vegetables uninterruptedly."

MECHI, the Napoleon of Agriculture, informs the public (through the London *Times*) of a new digging machine. He writes: "A calm and rigid investigation and computation have convinced me that the doom of the plow, as an instrument of culture, is sealed, and that the rotary forking, or, as it is wrongly called, digging machines, is the only profitable cultivator. Even with six or eight horses it is cheaper and infinitely more effective than the plow. Since the trial of implements at my 'gathering,' I have received from one of our North American colonies the model of a newly invented machine, which, by a happy and most simple combination of horse and steam power, will—and I pledge my agricultural reputation for it—not only deeply, cheaply and effectually cultivate and pulverize the soil, but at the same time sow the seed and leave all in a finished condition. It will also, by a simple inversion, cut and gather the corn without any rake or other complication; while both in cultivation and harvesting its operation will be continuous and without stoppage."

A Remarkable Man—The Reward of Probity.

Andrew Johnson, who has just been elected Governor of Tennessee (over the most popular Whig in the State, Major Henry, whose oratorical gifts are hardly second to those of any other gentleman in the Union) is an extraordinary man. Indeed, there is more in his history to encourage probity, industry, energy and ambition in the youth of America of all degrees, says the Washington *Star*, than in that of any other public man we know of. At two years of age Mr. Johnson was (we learn from those in whose knowledge of his early history we place every confidence) an inmate of the alms-house of Wake county, North Carolina, where he remained until his eighth year, when he was apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh. His master, if he failed to have him taught even the rudiments of an English education, at least trained him up to love the truth, work hard and be straight forward in his dealings with every one. When his apprenticeship was up, Mr. Johnson married a woman after his own heart, who knew enough from books to be able to aid him in mastering the arts of reading and writing.

On marrying, just after he came of age, he emigrated to Eastern Tennessee, trudging barefooted, it is said, with his faithful help-mate by his side, and his pack on his back. Assiduous labor at the tailor's trade, placed him, at the end of ten years, in comfortable circumstances, for his position in that region; and by that time, by dint of hard study during his leisure moments, he had come to be actually a man of considerable general information. Being a good talker on the stump he was sent consecutively for a term or two to both branches of the Legislature. From thence he was transferred to the House of Representatives of the United States, where he served six years. As a member of Congress he has been distinguished for the integrity of all he did. Whatever may be thought of views, such as he at times takes of public affairs, all do him the justice to believe that a more upright legislator was never in the Congress of the United States.

Mr. Jonnson is not more than forty-seven years of age at this time, having seen as much of public service as almost any other man of his age, notwithstanding the trials and drawbacks by which his early years were surrounded.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Searching for a lost Child.

The Mount Pleasant (Iowa) papers give long accounts of a search for a lost child which recently took place in that vicinity. It is stated that during a meeting in Salem, word was brought that a child of Mr and Mrs Beach, who live two miles south of Hillsborough, and seven miles southwest of Salem, in Lee county, had been lost the evening before, and and was then missing. "The child must be looked after," was the ready response of every one, and forthwith forty or fifty persons were ready for the search, and on the way to Mr Beach's. There they learned that one hundred persons had been out all day in an ineffectual search. Arrangements were made for an early commencement of the hunt next morning: and long before day, the tolling of the Seminary bell warned the people of their duty to their neigbors in sore distress.

There were many sleepless eyes that night and early in the alert. The girl was about five years old, &, with a twin brother and another child, had gone to a neighbor's house on Friday afternoon. On their return and when within a quarter of a mile of home, and within fifty steps of a neighbor's house, she was observed to climb a garden fence, and lingered behind, while her companions went home and reported that she would be along soon. That was the last seen of her. On Sunday, as we stated, the general search was commenced. A line was formed with men but ten feet apart, and woodland and prairie searched by more than five hundred men, but not a trace of the lost one could be found. But they did not despair; they resolved to continue the search on Monday morning with increased numbers.

Monday came, and the country for miles arround was hunted over, and still without success. Again they resolved to devote themselves to the work next day. Tuesday found these good neighbors again at their task. A hollow square was formed, from five or six miles in diameter, making Mr Beach's house the centre of the square, and up to twelve o'clock there was no tidings of the lost one. But then, when two miles from Mr Beach's, and exactly opposite from where it had last been seen, in an almost impenetrable thicket, Mr F. A. McElroy, of Salem, was the first to catch a glimpse of the child's dress as it made into the bush a few steps from him. A moment more, and notwithstanding her attempted flight and resistance, he held the child in his arms.

She was found near a pool of water where she passed the night. Being asked how she slept at night, she replied, "I just slept on the ground, without anything to cover with." She was very much reduced and had a vacant look in her eyes. For four days she had been without anything to eat. Hundreds of people assembled as the news spread, at the house, and the feeling and excitement was intense to see the lost one who had been thus providentially restored to her parents. Rev Joseph Cooper returned thanks to the multitude for their great kindness, and they then separated.

TIT FOR TAT.—Lord John Russell, in the debate of the Turkish question, related the following anecdote:—James the Second, when Duke of York, advised his brother to take better care of his life, and not go in so unguarded a manner about the streets.—Charles replied, "Why, my brother, I have always a most excellent guard over my life, for I don't think that anybody would kill me in order that you should succeed." [A laugh.] I believe that the Christian subjects of the Porte would not rejoice to see the power of the Sultan overthrown in order that the Russian power should take its place. [Hear, hear.] Mr. Muntz said that the noble lord having related an anecdote of Charles II, he would himself refer to that celebrated monarch. [Laughter.] When the Dutch ambassador made to Charles some very objectionable proposition, the king replied, "God bless me, you never made such a propsition to Oliver Cromwell." "No," said the ambassador, "you are a very different man from Oliver Cromwell." If this country had now such a man as Oliver Cromwell, we should have had a very different minister and a very different goverment, and Russia never would have marched into the Danubian provinces.

REPUTATION AFTER DEATH.—It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact, that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metals.—Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find him at a higher or lower point than he had formerly occupied, on the scale of public appreciation.—*Hawthorne.*

MR. HALE'S SPEECH,

At a Mass Meeting in Syracuse, Aug. 31, 1853.

My friends and fellow citizens:—I confess to you that my own heart has been so entirely carried along by the remarks of our eloquent friend (Mr Chase) who has just addressed you, that I feel entirely unable to engage them in any other channel than that in which he has directed yours, and even at the risk of going over ground which he has occupied so much better than I shall, you will pardon me if I follow a train of thought similar to his, though perhaps I may be fortunate enough to make some suggestions with which he has not already favored you.

He has spoken about the great measures of the *Compromise*. I wish to call your thoughts a moment to the consideration of what that was. To be a little literal about it, it is a word found in the English dictionaries, with a tolerably intelligible definition, and it means, in common parlance, when two have a controversy or difficulty which they cannot exactly see how to settle, and they sit down together and each *gives* a little and *takes* a little, and so by yielding on both sides the difference is adjusted. That is, or used to be, a compromise. Whenever parties, political or national, have had a misunderstanding & determine to come to a settlement, that course has not unfrequently been adopted. Now it so happened that two great powers—I do no mean that either the *great* power and the *little* power, the slave power and the free—had a difficulty, and they concluded, following illustrious examples, to settle it by compromise. Well, you represent the free States. The slave power, you know how that is represented. And what was the question to be compromised? Why, up to 1848 I did not know that there was but one question about which there was any difficulty, & that was what government should be given to the territories we possessed, added to those we acquired from Mexico. I was not aware, I confess, that there was any other question which interposed any difficulty at all, except that. I confess that was an important question; perhaps a little more important than you sometimes fancied. Its importance may be estimated by looking at the size and extent of the territory. How large was it? Perhaps you may fancy, about as large as this State of New York. This State has about forty thousand square miles. The old thirteen States which declared themselves independent of the crown of Great Britain and put that declaration upon the fearful issue of battle, comprised about three hundred thousand square miles.

Well, this territory which was awaiting government at your hands, that lay without any organized government and was beseeching you for it, comprised *one million eight hundred thousand* square miles; *only* six times the size of the original thirteen States, and *only* forty times the size of the little State of New York! Six nations, (not such "Six Nations" as you have been in the habit of hearing about in New York) but six nations as large as the whole United States could be carved out of it, and they wanted a government. What government shall they have?—And that question was to be decided by the people of the free States. The slave States expressed their sentiments, and the free States had a vast majority in the popular branch of Congress, and the question what government that territory should have, was with them. The question was narrowed down to a single point. All agreed that it should be a republican government; but the question was, shall it be a free government? Shall it be a government like that of New York, or of New England, shall it be a government where the laborer shall eat the fruit of his own industry and enjoy the reward of his own toil, where the obligation of the marriage covenant shall be preserved, and where the children shall be entitled to the protection of the paternal affection and control? Shall it be a government where the laborer, when the labors of the day are over, shall go to his humble house and sit down to look around upon the wife of his bosom, and the children of his love, thanking God for the enjoyment of the priceless boon of their affection!—Or shall it, on the other hand, be a place where man, formed in the image of God, and redeemed by the Everlasting Son of God, shall be degraded below the brutes that perish, and be sold on the auction block like a thing of merchandize? That was the question proposed to the people of New York. And it was not a question to be decided for to-day, for to-morrow, for this year or the next, for the present generation, or for uncounted generations; but it was a question whether it should be for ever, away down as far as faith can see, or hope can prophesy, whether the coming ages of all future should be blessed with institutions of freedom, or cursed with those of slavery. Shall it blossom like the rose, under the care of the industry of the free, or shall it be parched with the fevered foot of the slave, and drenched with the sweat of his unpaid toil? Shall there ascend from these hills and valleys thanksgiving to Almighty God for the multiplied blessings which wait in the train of freedom, or shall there ascend to the ear of the God of the oppressed—O God, how long!—the clank of the chain of the slave and the wailing bondsman, and the prayer of the oppressed for judgment upon that nation which might have saved them from this accursed lot, but did not! [Applause.] That was the question which the people of New York had to settle.

We hear it said that the government did this and that. Where is the government? Have any of you ever seen the government of the United States? Do you know where this government lives? [Laughter.] "O, yes," says one, "I know." "Where?" "In Washington." The last place on earth to find the government. [Laughter.] No, my friends, I have never seen, and I never expect to see a more living representation of the government of the United States than I see before me this very minute, here—I mean *you*; emphatically I mean the State of New York. This was then the question to settle: what sort of government shall these people have, and what institutions shall they live under? You knew what freedom was, for you lived under it, and you knew what slavery was for you discarded it. If you could only have been worked up one single point above the point of indifference, all would have been well enough.—But, no; New York, when she came to speak upon the subject through her constituted organs, says: this is something of a question, but it is not a question of moment enough for us to expend our thoughts upon, and we are indifferent about it. You said, by the votes you gave, that the State to be framed out of this territory might have slavery or not as they pleased, and that you were indifferent about it. No, it was not exactly indifference. You rather hinted that it would be better that they should come in with slavery. You said come with free States, free schools, free churches, free labor and free men, come rejoicing in a free Constitution and in the hope of a new inheritance of freedom, and we will take you in; or if you prefer not to come so, come as a slave State, and when you come to swear fidelity to your country's Constitution, let your track be marked with blood of the victims, and let the clanking of slave chains be the herald of your approach, and New York will take you in just as quick. That is just what you said.—That was the position of New York, and there it stands and there it will stand forever, and the slave shall be lashed, after his day of unpaid toil, to his home of hapless misery and agony, year after year, after we shall have mouldered into dust, and will be sending up the prayer of agony, because *you* have solemnly willed that it shall be so. New York so stands upon the record, and as long as the history of this government forms a part of the archives of time, New York will stand in this position upon the page of the country's history. You gave up the whole 1,800,000 and said you were indifferent. To be sure you had some prejudices, but you conquered them.—You had something which you thought was principle, but you were mistaken.

Well, having had the controversy, and having given up the whole, one would suppose that would have been the end of it, and that the South would be satisfied. Two parties claim parts of this same piece of land, and one gives up every inch of it to the other, and is there anything left? Yes, yes! The South is not yet satisfied. They found you in a giving mood and they ask something more. You gave them up the 1,800,000 square miles for slave pasture, and they said to you "this is a large country and we shall find it very hard to keep our slaves on it, and you must give us a new fugitive slave law by which we can retake them more easily when they run away." "Well," says New York, "that is reasonable, I think you ought to have that." [Laughter.] And you sat down and made the new Fugitive Slave law.—What next do they ask? "Give up the right of trial by jury." New York is sober about that. Her people have some long standing prejudices upon that subject. "But you must give them up." "Very well, let them go; (let's see, this is a *compromise*, ain't it?) New York would not give them up, unless it was a compromise—but it is a compromise, and let them go."

Says the South, "there is that old fashioned thing called the writ of *Habeas Corpus*. It is an ugly thing in the way of catching slaves. Give that up."—"That is an old thing," answers New York, "which our fathers and great grand-fathers brought from England with us, and our people always had a superstitious reverence for it." "No matter," says the South, "it is a bad thing in catching slaves. Give it up. It is a compromise, you know." And so you gave up the trial by jury, and the right of the *habeas corpus*. "Is there anything else?" say you, "for we do not seem to have any thing else to give." [Laughter.] "O yes," says the South, "you know we must have amongst us those who make it their business to catch runaway slaves, and who carry on their business to perfection. They have blood hounds to catch slaves at so much a day. Now these hounds are good around a plantation, and serve the purpose very well, but it is difficult to take them far from home. We can't take blood hounds from Mississippi to New York." "And what do you propose to do about it?" says New York. "*Only* that you men of New York shall be the blood hounds for us—that is all. [Great laughter.] You must agree whenever called upon, no matter what you are about, to give up your employment and join in the pursuit." Says New York, "I did not think of this at first. [Laughter.] But I guess we can give that up too, and put it into the law." So all *good* citizens are commanded to aid in the prompt execution of this law. Now you begin to think the South has got through. No! What then? "Why, you must make fidelity to the law or good behaviour at the [illegible] christian churches. Every man who wants to maintain his standing in the party or in the church, and be respected by all good citizens, must swear by the fugitive slave law." "Well," says New York, "*we'll go it.*" [Laughter.]

These are the things which you have done, and how does it operate? Suppose a man in the slave States has lost a slave, and let me suppose that slave is a white girl. "O yes," you say, "suppose a case which has no existence." Not so. I have seen girl slaves as white as any child in this house, and you will see when they advertise them, the advertisement will say that "they will undertake to pass for white, and unless examined very critically, they will deceive if it were possible the very elect." [Laughter.]

Well, let me suppose that one of these slaves escapes, and to carry the case along to show the contrast, suppose a horse has gone off with it. The owner of these two pieces of merchandise finds out that they have made their way out here into Onondaga county. The owner wants to set in operation a system of measures by which he may retake them legally. He goes to the Commissioner, and this Commissioner reads to him the law—it is a very plain law. He gets a description of the slave, accurately describing the age, color, hair, marks, how many teeth knocked out, how many toes and fingers cut off, etc. With this record authenticated just as the fugitive slave law requires, he prepares a power of Attorney for his agent, or goes himself. When the papers are prepared, he says, "Squire, I have lost a horse; also." The squire informs him that nothing is said in the law about taking horses, but certainly it cannot be any more difficult to take a horse, than it is to take a girl, and he thinks it will be abundantly safe to describe the horse just as he did the girl. He thinks it a good idea. "Certainly, if I can get the girl, I can the horse also." Well, he goes with these papers to New York. He finds the horse first, and he goes up to the person having him in posession, and says, "I'll take that horse. I have the record here all made out exactly according to law, the Fugitive Slave Law." But the man is not disposed to give up the horse quite so readily. He says "that is not the fashion of taking horses here in New York. You must have a trial of the title by jury, or you cannot have him." Says the slaveholder, "Is that so?" He begins to find that it is so, and that he cannot take a horse out of New York upon such papers as that. No, no! New York, in the plenitude of her power, dignity and regard for the sacred rights of property, protects horses, and throws around them the shield of the trial by jury; and no horse can be severed from the husbandman's plow, or taken from the harvest field, except upon a trial by Court and Jury. God bless New York for the care with which she protects her horses. [Laughter.] Well, my friends, the horse is safe, thanks to the integrity of the law, and he shall continue to be your servant to do your work just as long as you please.

That being disposed of, he takes from his pocket another bundle of papers and says, "I can take the girl at any rate." Now you feel abundantly strong, as you have saved the horse, you laugh at the very idea that a man can take a witness—God only knows who—carry him before somebody called a magistrate—God only knows where—and fix up his papers, and then come on to the State of New York and take away a child, born on the soil and entitled to its protection. But you find that the claim is urged seriously, and the man insists upon it. Here is the description, here the record, and here all the infernal machinery prescribed by the Fugitive Slave Act, and the girl is described so accurately that human ingenuity cannot find the least discrepancy. You then go to some learned man of the law, some of your politicians it may be, and ask him, "Is this so? Is this the law? Is my horse held by a tenure more sacred than my child? Has humanity sunk so low in the estimation of the law-givers that the beast is protected, and the immortal soul of priceless worth left without protection from the polluted touch of any body who may see fit to seize her for the vilest purposes?" Is that law!" Your political friend looks pale and says, "Dark days about those times. We were in danger. The great men of the land put their heads together and saved the Union. [Laughter.] I believe in saving the Union—yes, I believe—I give it up—that is the law." "Save the Union," say you, "Don't talk to me about such a Union as that. If there is a Union which protects the horse, but gives up a human being—if it is such a Union as that you saved, let me tell you it was not worth saving." [Applause.] But be very careful how you get warm upon the subject, be very cool when you tell it at home, because if your wife should let her bosom throb a little too quickly, you may shake the platform of the "two great parties." [Laughter.]

Well now, my friends, here you have the *Compromise*. It is easy to go through it and tell what you *gave*, but I want some New York politician, of some school or other, to tell me what we *took*. What was there given up for this tremendous concession which was made? My friends, I have heard that question asked frequently, but have never heard an answer, except that we took the universal contempt of every friend of freedom throughout all time. Well, sir, we hear talk about danger to the Union. Of all the ridiculous stories that ever was started, the idea that the Union of these States was in any danger, is the most ridiculous. Webster and Clay are both now dead and buried. But I say now, if I know my own heart, and if there is one particle of truth in it, I do not believe that Daniel Webster and Henry Clay ever saw the day when they could have met one another in the Senate at Washington, and have said anything about the dissolution of the Union, without bursting out in laughter in each other's faces, at the ridiculousness of the idea. The thing was so ridiculous that it had not the dignity of a respectable bug-bear. It was not fit to frighten children to bed with.

Now the parties have laid aside all other issues in their fidelity and allegiance to this, and we are to stop agitation. Why do they not go and tell the winds of heaven not to stir the mountain pines? Why not go and tell the waves of the ocean to come and be still? Why not go and stand beside the foaming torrent and tell it to turn back and roll up the mountain side to its source? They would stand a better chance of being obeyed than when they tell a christian people to still the surging waves of humanity in their breasts. No, it cannot be done. This case is before the country and before the world, and will go on. The purposes of Divine benevolence will be accomplished, and it will make a great difference with us when the question is whether we are fighting with God or against Him.

The question is reaching across the ocean; it is stirring the nations of the Old World, and tottering the crowns and thrones built for ages with the blood and tears of the victims of oppression. The struggling hearts of freemen are marshaling themselves in the Old World. They are marshaling themselves in Hungary, and they turn imploring eyes to us, they send their prayers to us, and ask us, for what? For one word of sympathy and encouragement. Ministers know, that they have the sympathy of our hearts if nothing else. They ask that when they harness themselves for the fight, and put on the armor of liberty, and go out "to do or die," that they may be animated on the battle-field with the thought that our sympathy and our prayers, if nothing more, are with them. But they did not get even that. Our government was as silent as the republicans of the Old World who have slept for centuries beneath the sod of the valley. We stood in this great struggle like dumb dogs, with eyes closed and lips sealed, and we dare not send one note of sympathy to the struggling friends of liberty in the Old World, lest it might come echoing back to some slave hut upon our Southern borders. We all know that this was the reason why we were false to our mission in that great hour of peril to the cause of liberty, and it is now openly proclaimed that if the effort shall be made by those having the right and the power to make it, to strike off the chains of the oppressor in the island of Cuba—if there beams from Heaven a hope of that vision that dawned upon the hour of our crucified Savior, when he saw the travail of his soul, and said; "It is finished"—if that vision is about to be realized in the island of Cuba, we are told, I say, that the United States stands pledged to throw your free bodies and your immortal souls, as living bulwarks around the institution of slavery in Cuba, and say to the Most High, "Not yet shall the mission of a Savior's love be accomplished upon earth, if we can prevent it."

That is the position we occupy to-night before the nations of the old world, in regard to liberty and slavery in the island of Cuba. Let me appeal to you, citizens of New York: how long are you willing to occupy this position? Had God no higher purpose in spreading out these beautiful vallies, in piling up these hills, and pouring out these streams which fertilize your field, than to fit the land for the abode of men pledged to such an infamous purpose as this?—Is there no higher destiny for you? Are you content that New York shall be the great work-shop in which shall be manufactured the chains and the manacles which shall bind unborn generations in hopeless slavery and degradation forever? Does no higher aspiration warm your breast than that you and your children's children after you shall have no nobler vocation than to hunt the footsteps of the slave as he makes his way across New York, from the house of bondage, guided only by the North Star, that great beacon that lights alike the paths of the slave and the sailor in their wanderings?

Let me ask the freemen of New York: Are you willing that your children whom you are nurturing and raising up to manhood should look forward to no higher destiny than to occupy the places of blood hounds which hunt the slave on his way to liberty? When the hearts of the brave in the old world, having borne the oppressions of despotism until the burden has become intolerable, rises up in the energy of despotism to make one more effort for freedom, are you willing that they should find you on the side of their oppressors? These are questions which may be asked to-day, but the answer is in the future. But be assured that it is no picture of the imagination.—There are three millions of slaves, and the energies of the Federal Government, to-night, are devoted not to ameliorating their condition, but to devising means by which the area of slavery may be still further extended, and this number of victims still further increased. And do you know that you are the men they calculate upon to help it on? Not because you are *men*, but because you are Democrats and Whigs, and they trust that in those characters you will forget your manhood, conquer your prejudices, repress your impulses, and forget the God above you. I hope there is a noble future before us, and I know there is, if the people of the State will act in the independence of their own manhood, in the light of their own judgment, and under the responsibilities of their own moral convictions. I know how many of you feel,